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ABSTRACT

In this report Harold L. Enarson, President of Ohio State University, discusses a three-week study tour of China which he and heads of 11 other universities made in the fall of 1974. The author talks about his anticipations en route to China via Anchorage and Tokyo; shares his first impressions of China during an airport stop in Shanghai; and relates his tour of Peking University, describing the pagoda type buildings and the 50 degree unheated classrooms. He describes his tours of the Great Wall, the Ming Tombs, and a factory where 1300 workers spend eight hours a day, six days a week, producing the famed cloisonne, works of jade, ivory, and filigree. During a visit to the May 7 School located near Peking, the author talks to students (most of whom are in their thirties and forties) about their six-month course which involves them in both hard physical labor--laying brick and farming--and studying. Also described is a visit to the Shenyang factory which produces transformers for the electric power system and for export, and an interview with Teng Hsiao-p'ing, 70-year-old vice-premier of China. The report concludes with a description of the author's visit to a Shanghai school, home, commune and neighborhood organization and with his post-China reflections. (Author/RM)

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In the fall of 1974, Harold L. Enarson, President of The Ohio State University, with the heads of eleven other universities, took part in a three-week study tour of the People's Republic of China, conducted under auspices of the American Council on Education.

This is his account of that journey.

A Trip to the People's Republic of China

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

by Harold L. Enarson

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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1

Departure: November 6

Off at last from Columbus, Ohio, to Peking, China—from the North American Midwest to the Middle Kingdom, with much help from wife, friends, colleagues.

I depart Columbus at 9:00 A.M. for O'Hare, Chicago, with plenty of time to connect with Northwest's flight to Anchorage, Alaska; then on to Tokyo, where our team gathers before boarding a Chinese Airlines flight for Peking, China, and the beginning of the Great Adventure.

It was prudent to leave early; the Chicago skyline is magnificent under clear skies, but we circle and circle. Delay is now part of the national experience.

How do you "prepare" for a trip to the People's Republic of China, a nation closed to American citizens for a quarter of a century? Haphazardly. You wish for three months' free time for study and discussion with China experts on campus. But the schedule of the president of The Ohio State University doesn't permit even three consecutive evenings. So you improvise, re-reading the Australian Ross Terrill's book *800,000,000: The Real China*, along with Harrison E. Salisbury's *To Peking and Beyond*, and absorbing dozens of special reports by British, Canadian, and other sources describing Chinese education and

its role in spearheading the most profoundly revolutionary society on earth.

The fugitive materials sent by friends and colleagues prove the most rewarding: some stuff from Yale and Antioch alumni publications, a first-rate report on medical education in China from Dr. Phillip Lee (an old friend), a member of a medical team studying the Chinese health-care delivery system and, yes, acupuncture.

But the really big issue is what to pack! It is as bad as when we sent our daughters away to Girl Scout summer camp. Take glue for stamps is the good counsel of my friend Bob Madison, a Cleveland architect and member of a team of architects just back from the People's Republic. Take small "tasteful" gifts for our hosts, says our sponsor, the Committee on United States-China Relations. Take warm clothes for Manchuria (like North Dakota), says someone else. Travel light and comfortably, says everyone.

The task proves too much. I approach the final selection with diminishing confidence; our $300-million-a-year University budget could not be fraught with more options and hazards. Finally, Audrey Enarson starts loading and unloading the suitcase. "Which tie?", she asks acidly.

I am hopeful that the Chinese customs will not look too carefully—some strange items here:

- Five records of the Ohio State Men's Glee Club
- Two Frisbees to give to Chinese children (Will they capture the 1984 Frisbee Olympics?)
- Quantities of legal-size yellow pads (My wife reminds me that the Chinese invented paper, along with gunpowder, etc.)
- Several glossy brown buckeyes (If my Johnny Appleseed effort is seen as smuggling, should I try a James Bond swallowing act?)
- Some postcards of the OSU campus (I make a mental note to see that we have better postcards.)
- *Ohio Farm*, an Ohio State University Press book describing farm life in early Ohio (I want someone in the Peking

library to discover that not long ago our "peasants" also lacked flush toilets, water in the house, electricity. Now I'm told that some farms have the extra TV set in the barn.)

- Several copies of the *Lantern* (OSU's student newspaper) and the *Columbus Citizen-Journal* (For a glimpse of a society, read the want ads, crime reports, women's page, sports—anything other than editorials.)

- Several serve-on-airplane bottles of bourbon (to ward off evil spirits and combat the cold of Manchuria).

I think the razor and pipe cleaners are packed, but I'm not sure (wish my wife were along).

Wives are not included, much to the anguish of all. The university presidency, like the family farm, is one of the few occupations where the spouse shares fully in so much of the enterprise. So it's unfair that Audrey Enarson can't go—she sees so much that escapes me.

The more important preparation for brief immersion in a strange culture lies at deeper levels. In our routines of daily life, our senses grow dull. We neither see, feel, nor experience life around us with the clarity that is our birthright. High Street is familiar stuff—so is the campus, the shapes of downtown skylines, the shadows on the rolling hills. What did you *see* today? Nothing new, really.

So one tries, in at least a small way, to see cleanly and clearly—as if for the first time. If to visit another land is to discover one's homeland, then the trip must begin before leaving home. The prosaic and the familiar are suddenly invested with charm, freshness, loveliness—even some grandeur. Football is football is football—but there is also high drama and excitement when the "Best Damn Band in the Land" marches on the field and the stands explode. Pageantry! The French peasant of the seventeenth century would feel at home in the Ohio Stadium on any Saturday in autumn—the "Middle Kingdom" of Football. Incredible color and vitality— the shadows creating their own hourglass, the geometry of shading greens moving eastward as the game advances. The sun moves to set.

The hills, always the hills. Not far to the east in Fairfield County lies Overlook Farm, research station for OSU's College of Agri-

culture and Audrey's and my Sunday retreat. There I grow Swiss chard, tomatoes, popcorn, peppers, and potatoes, and pick windfall apples from Ohio State's research orchard. Here, on the northern edge of Appalachia, we are on a high hill (only on Sundays are we "home"), and the view is magnificent. The valley is long and shallow-wide, and the colors embrace every nuance of light and shade. In late autumn, in the dying days of Indian summer, the carpet of leaves grows thick underfoot and the tall trees talk to one another with rusty throats in the high wind in their lofty tops. Raccoon tracks write on the sand, and a deeper imprint speaks of the presence of deer. The forest, too, is home—try to see it with a fresh eye.

Beyond sunsets and shadows is (forgive the jargon) the social reality. And again one struggles, largely in vain, for a fresh view. I am told that the officials we will meet in the People's Republic have no great interest in hearing of the "American way of life." That is just as well, for American life today is indescribably complex, and it would be a Fool of Great Audacity who would even try to portray it to anyone, including ourselves. And yet, one looks for analogues of animal tracks in the soft earth.

But the signs are crowded, indistinct, impossible to read. You can read into them whatever your fears and stereotypes dictate. The Dow-Jones is an exercise in dismal statistics and dire prophecy. But if we had a smile index, it would show an encouraging tilt— at least on the college campus.

No, I'm pleased that I won't have to interpret the U.S.A. It is hard to imagine that the People's Republic can be more complex.

So savor the land as the plane moves westward, the setting sun splendid in the west. We have passed the broad expanse of the prairies and the Great Plains. I think briefly of the Platte River, the Niobrara, and, far southward, the Colorado and the Rio Grande. Wyoming, winter camp for the mountain trappers a century or more ago, is behind us. The pilot points out Mt. Logan in Canada to the north. Anchorage lies ahead. The landscape below is unbelievably lovely.

If this were China, I would be struggling to describe it. But it is just another plane ride. That's why the window shades are down and the passengers stare fixedly at an old movie. After all, it is just scenery.

10

2

Anticipations en Route

Anchorage to Tokyo is a seven and one-half hour hop in a huge jet which is four-fifths empty. We arrive at 7:00 P.M. Thursday, but it's 5:00 A.M. Columbus time, and the biological clock yields the familiar evidence of jet lag. The teeth grow fuzz; the eyeballs rotate in red pepper; the bones ache.

We wait for an hour to unload. A labor union is on a "slow-down" strike at Northwest Airlines. Three of our China team are on the same flight. We finally get a Datsun limousine and stuff persons and gear into a very tight fit. The steering wheel is on the right side, and the driver swings confidently into the left lane.

The Okura Hotel is across from the U.S. Embassy, where we will lunch with the ambassador today. He is a Nixon appointee, formerly the secretary of labor.

The Okura is huge, luxurious, and very expensive. Two beers (Japanese, please) and a sliver of steak with five (count 'em) french fries, and the bill hovers around $6.90. I struggle sleepily to decide whether this is breakfast or a late evening snack and decide that it is neither.

Clerks and bellboys and the taxi driver have mastered basic English. Contrast the help a Japanese visitor gets in the United States from taxi drivers and clerks!

Our team has a very brief meeting. We learn that after a week in Peking we go to Shenyang and Anshan on November 14, leave for Nanking on November 17, move on to Suchow on November 21, and depart November 22 for Shanghai. (How are Michigan's President Robben Fleming and I to learn who is victorious in the November 23 Holy War?) On the 26th we go to Canton, then leave for Hong Kong on November 29.

Up at 4:00 A.M. to read. That biological clock knows it's no time to sleep. By 7:30, I am half through Harrison Salisbury's superb book *To Peking and Beyond*. Breakfast in the room: a luxury I rarely allow myself. But I need the quiet. Chinese tea will be great, but this is the last chance—so it's scrambled eggs and coffee.

Out of Chicago, I read three issues of the *Peking Digest*, official publication of the People's Republic of China. By now, the "correct line" is familiar stuff: fulsome testimonials to emissaries from such nations as Albania, the Philippines, and various African states of the eternal friendship that will exist between their countries and the People's Republic, counterpointed by vitriolic attacks on the "revisionist" stance of Soviet Russia; tales of hardship and heroism in which peasants tame mighty rivers to the service of socialism and Mao; adoring commentaries on the correctness of Mao's application of Marxist-Leninist ideology to military science; drumfires of denunciation of "bourgeois revisionism," of lackeys of imperialism, and of Confucius and Mencius. "The past must serve the present," says Mao. But what is one to make of the constant exhortation to reject the values of Confucius? This is but one of the many questions that bubble in the mind.

China—the Middle Kingdom: five thousand years of continuous culture and civilization; water buffalo and plow juxtaposed with nuclear capability; largest nation on earth (800 million—and that only a guess); the Han (the Chinese ethnic majority) are the largest homogeneous ethnic group on the globe, and one of the oldest.

China: the major question mark on the world scene; developing nation; citadel of an emerging socialism; home of the continuing Cultural Revolution; and finally—most importantly—a nation that will surely defy simplistic interpretation.

It was only twenty or so years ago that the then Secretary of State John Foster Dulles pronounced that Russian and Chinese communism were as one, and that Dean Acheson in the famous State Department White Paper told us that "the Communist leaders have forsworn their Chinese heritage and have publicly announced their subservience to a foreign power, Russia." Events gave the lie to such easy labeling of fresh complexities.

This morning's *Japan Times* headline reads, "China Calls on Soviets to Mull Force Use Ban." The story reports that in Moscow, Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko said the Soviet Union will continue to oppose China's "coziness with imperialism" and states further that the Chinese ambassador to Moscow walked out of the hall when Gromyko talked of Peking's links with "extreme imperialist reaction."

So much for eternal friendship, "monolithic" communism, and American illusions.

Why must the Japanese take our worst and do it better? Singing commercials, talk shows, and in the lower left of the screen the exact time reveals itself to a time-obsessed Western world.

It's now 10:41 A.M.—only a scant four hours from takeoff to Peking. Somewhere out there is the Great Wall.

I have my work shoes, purchased several years ago in a border town near Big Bend, Texas. They will be equal to the climb—but will I?

3

First Impressions

Our grand entry into China is—well—dull. We have an hour's stop in Shanghai to eat. Can this be the world's largest city (an estimated fourteen million)? The airport in Roswell, New Mexico, has more planes on the ground, more passengers. We debark sleepily in a light drizzle and enter the airport under a huge picture of Mao. We are the only flight being served; there are no other passengers anywhere. We chopstick our way through an outrageously bad meal. Is it just airport food?

Near midnight, our plane bounces into Peking airport. A great floodlit banner flanks Mao's picture. We laugh like school kids arriving at summer camp. This is it. We're here. How about that!

There is more activity here. We are spotted, whisked through customs, and catapulted through a narrow door into the receiving line, itself pressed by the crowd.

The delegation is a blur of smiling faces set against the dark blue of Mao jackets. Faces turn to stare at the odd foreigners as we make our way down the line. I forget completely my carefully rehearsed "Heilo" (Nee How Ma) and say, "Enarson—Ohio State." No great flash of recognition—don't they know about the nation's largest campus, Rose Bowls, and other good things?

A fleet of gray-toned official cars is lined up. It's two to a car,

and we set off promptly down darkened streets, our car lights flashing as we speed by empty guard boxes at intersections. The streets are wide and smooth, flanked by rows of trees. We catch glimpses of four- and five-story apartment houses, with an occasional light sentineled in a window. An ill child? A welcome glow to a husband or wife returning home?

The road stretches arrow straight, empty of traffic. In the next half-hour, we pass two bicyclists and one man walking, and meet a dozen or so heavy trucks with only their dim headlights on, and a dozen two-wheeled wooden carts. In the shroud of darkness and strangeness, they speak as if from the depths of old China. If only I could talk across the great chasm of language and culture to one peasant, perhaps I might understand the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and what it means, can mean, to his home, to wife, sons, dreams, future. But that won't happen; as in all visits to developing countries, we shall be cocooned in officialdom.

Our procession, funereal in gray and in window curtains and in distance between cars, right angles into an enormously wide boulevard. We are soon at the new south edition of the Peking Hotel. It is Hilton-like, with a splash of China. My room is large, bright, spanking clean. No radio or TV. By 1:00 A.M., our bags arrive. I look out my corner window on the city. Only one or two lights show anywhere. The giant city sleeps.

I beat the ring of the alarm out of bed, and like a child eager to open Christmas gifts open the shades. A pagoda takes dim shape beyond the fog and the gray. Ten stories down I spot three bicycles weaving down an alleyway and joining the stream. China is bicycles. Take a quick look around on any street at anytime, day or night; fifty or one hundred bikes are moving in slow, weaving procession. China is movement by bike. The jackets of Mao, in blues and grays and greens, ride bicycles of black. It is the dance of the masses—slow, methodical, unobstrusive, powerful in sheer mass. To watch is to be hypnotized, awestruck by the great river of humanity.

We gulp breakfast, half of us clinging to coffee and eggs and toast and the rest embracing a Chinese breakfast with purposeful enthusiasm. I look with envy on "conservatives" enjoying black coffee and scrambled eggs while I struggle with half-cooked

beans sloshed in a bowl of whitish, watery gruel. I toss in a few tiny fish; I'm in China.

It is 8:45 on Saturday morning. We're fifteen minutes late, unforgivably so; and the fleet of gray taxis awaits us. The boulevard is pulsating with life now—lorries, pedicabs, the ebb and flow of people at intersections. Several hundred persons, mostly in olive drab and blue, stand silently against a fence. Just staring at wealth, that's all.

Like a small boat, our taxi edges into crowded seas. On our first excursion, we are off for famed Peking University. We stare in fascination at the sights as our car honks through the throngs for miles. Peking is like no place else—not Rio, nor Cairo, nor São Paulo.

The sky is lead gray, the cold penetrating, the air tinged with coal smoke. Our guide points out the sights. Tien-an-mien Square is the heart of the capital city. It is enormous, as is the obelisk at its center, as are the huge buildings. "And that one?", I ask. 'That is Chairman Mao's residence," says the guide.

We pass the entrance to the Forbidden City, home of Chinese emperors. We are to visit there in the afternoon.

For the next half-hour, our caravan continues to honk its way through the thick stream of bicycles, joining the lorries and the buses also weaving through the congestion. The olive-green army trucks are packed with militia. The soldiers are so young, their faces full of wonderment. They are, in their convoy, of all I am to see, the most familiar scene. I, too, have ridden in an army truck, cold and forlorn in the dawn; but there is no way to say that to them. I stare, they stare, and the traffic moves. Buses and trolleys, odd three-wheeled trucks, a lone tractor billowing clouds of diesel smoke, a pedicab with a load of straw, another with large cans precariously balanced, and still another with Chinese cabbage piled high.

Chinese cabbage: It is harvest season. It sprawls over the sides of the lorries, is piled in great clumps man-high and fifty yards long at various distribution points. We come across a field. It is spotted with bent figures picking cabbage against the backdrop of four-to-five-story, drab gray apartment buildings. The cabbage is cheap at one cent per head. We learn that it is stored in straw in the ground or in basements.

First generalization: In the second week of November, all of China is consumed with the harvesting, transporting, and storing of cabbage. The pale green of the mounds of cabbage rewards the eye. There are no bright colors in the buses, clothes, apartment houses, government buildings—not even in the bicycles. Correction: A delegation from Yemen is here and huge banners with calligraphy in bright red span the boulevard by our hotel. They probably say, "Eternal friendship," etc. A huge banner in our hotel reads, "We have friends all over the world." I rather like that. Otherwise, all colors are in muted blues and browns and greens. It is as if drabness were cultivated, as indeed it is. The socialist state masks its scarcities and remaining inequalities in many ways. When you must ration cotton clothes, it creates fewer problems all around to mass produce standard items in standard colors.

My jotted notes on the ride to Peking University include: Rows of trees, three and four deep (planted since the Revolution). Saw one mechanical street sweeper and perhaps a dozen women with face masks and straw brooms—no trash or litter anywhere. Few horse-drawn carts—unlike Mexico and the Middle East. Why so many white face masks on the bicyclists? (I learn later it is to ward off colds.) Saw a sorry-looking horse with a deep brand on its left flank (if no one steals, why the need for a brand?). Bikes are locked with simple, inexpensive clips, not the huge chains that are now used in the United States. Almost no motor bikes but lots of three-wheeled trucks and pedicabs. On the OSU campus, bicyclists ride at different speeds from hazardously fast to even faster. Here there is a single speed, for they have miles to go, a lifetime of biking.

4

Peking University

We arrive at Peking University and soon grow impatient with the briefing we are given. We already know much about the institution, all superficial: that Mao learned Marxism there in 1919-1920, that before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the university was "dominated by rich landowners and capitalists and by the doctrines of Confucius," that along with all of China's universities it was closed from roughly 1968 to 1972, that it reopened as a totally different kind of institution, that it now has a 2,600-member teaching staff for its 5,000 students, and that students pay nothing and are given a small living allowance.

It feels good to be a student again, and I revive an old trick: abbreviate the repetitive—*WPS* for workers-peasants-soldiers; *M/L* for Marx and Lenin; *m* for the masses; *w-t* for combining work with theory; *C&M* for those bad ones Confucius and Mencius; *L* for the good ones, the Legalists; *c.s.* for class struggle; *PRC* for People's Republic of China; and so on.

University education has been totally reconstituted. Before the Cultural Revolution, students and professors were "self-centered," "contemptuous of the masses and of working with their hands"; theory was "divorced from practice"; admission was by

written exams which "favored the bourgeoisie." The doors were closed to the workers-peasants-soldiers who are the real builders of socialism, we are told. All is different now. As Chairman Mao writes, "Education must serve proletarian politics." It does.

There are only 400,000 university students in China. (Ohio alone has 399,000.) Selection is largely at the local level—in the factory, commune, and militia, on the recommendation of fellow workers or the Revolutionary Committee. No one goes directly from middle school (roughly equivalent to our high school) to the university. Nearly all students come from the workers-peasants-soldiers and are recommended by their associates on the basis of the "correctness of their views" and general promise—this generally after three years or so of work. The old competitiveness is gone. Mutual aid is encouraged, and the students help one another. The program of study has been drastically shortened, and great stress is placed on practical application.

I am eager to walk the campus and get some feel for its pulse. Pagoda-type buildings are set among gnarled cedar trees. Curving walkways weave everywhere, and there is a lovely lake overlooked by a headstone of Edgar Snow, the American writer and editor whose influence on China has been so profound. But there are almost no students; they are away now working in factories and communes.

We are ushered into a room and shown a computer at work. The machine prints out in red "Welcome American friends." We applaud; our hosts applaud at the same time—a nice custom, one worthy of being imported.

There is no heat in the classroom buildings or laboratories. I put my gloves on. It must be no warmer than 50 degrees. How does the brain work when the legs and hands are numb with cold? It is one of many questions that tantalize.

Here at last is a class in session. It is in archaeology and is held in the museum. Our eyes jump back and forth between students and treasures in old coins. Sixteen boys and four girls in cotton jackets. One pretty girl takes notes meticulously in tidy script. Several of the boys take down a word now and then in messy notebooks, sneaking long stares at these visitors from abroad. It is reassuring to see firsthand that not everyone is caught up in the ecstasy of learning. It is a good lecture, but

with a twist: we hear "according to Marx . . . " endlessly repeated. It is a refrain already familiar to us.

Our hosts have thoughtfully alternated sight-seeing with the visits to schools and universities. One day we visit the Forbidden City, the next we see the Summer Palace—both homes of the Imperial Dynasty. The Forbidden City is awesome in size (9,000 structures), captivating in architectural style, and rich in treasures of breathtaking beauty. Imagine great columns one and one-half yards in diameter and thirty-five feet or so high—each the trunk of a giant tree. Not a nail or piece of metal anywhere. The evidence of imperial wealth and luxury (by the exploiting class, we are reminded) becomes numbing.

I develop "museum-itis," listen halfheartedly, and simply enjoy studying the faces. Soldiers, mongol herdsmen, peasants—we gawk uncomprehendingly at the profusion of treasures. We are all peasants here today—staring at the unicorn and the lion carved in stone, the complex design on a simple giant slab of rock—and are silent in wonder. The huge slab was transported to the site on ice: pour a sheet of water, let it freeze, move the giant stone its own length, repeat the process—endlessly.

More of the same at the Summer Palace. At dockside on the lake is a ship made of giant slabs of marble. I ask, "Does it float?", and am laughed at for my stupidity. A marble boat at dockside—perhaps the ultimate in the frivolity of the Imperial Court. The trite words "exploiting classes" take on fresh meaning.

5

Factories

Enough of palaces—factories are more interesting. It is Sunday, and production in the arts and handicraft factory is in full swing. Thirteen hundred workers (half are women) work eight hours a day, six days a week, producing arts and crafts (the famed cloisonné, works of jade, ivory, and filigree) intended largely for export to ninety countries. All factories have nurseries for babies two months old and over, either in the factory itself or nearby. We learn that Mao told the workers to "let one thousand flowers bloom" and to "preserve the best of the past, but with a new look."

The briefing room is dank and cold. The scalding hot tea, invariable at each meeting, tastes especially good. On one wall is the now familiar foursome of pictures: Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Mao looks on benignly from the opposite wall. Graduates of middle school (high school) work under the supervision of "veteran artists." There are low wage levels, no hourly incentive system as such. The highest wage is about seven times the lowest. The Revolutionary Committee oversees production, meeting work targets set by the state. That committee of thirteen persons is elected by secret vote of all workers—but we never learn who prepares the slate of candidates. Some members of the committee are members of the Communist party, but not all. The men work to age sixty, the women to fifty; but if workers are fit they may continue to work beyond that. The "profit" is set at 20

percent and goes to the state. If capital is needed for expansion, the factory appeals to the state.

We ask how the criticism of Lin Piao contributes to production. Answer: by heightening the political consciousness of the need for continuing class struggle. Confucianism, we are told, holds that a man's destiny is determined by heaven. No matter how you try you will not escape your destiny. Confucius offers a "pernicious fallacy" in exalting genius and wise men. It is not the hero, but rather the working people, who create history, who are "masters of the land."

The typical room has a dozen or so workers heavily bundled against the cold. They are engaged in incredibly painstaking work—painting delicate traceries within a two-inch-high bottle, applying different colors with brushes thin as a single hair, and sticking the tiniest particles to vases. The work is done silently. No conversation. Only the blare of the loudspeaker. On the wall are exercises in self-criticism: confessionals. I had thought that art and production were light years apart. Now I am not sure. Some workers freehand their own distinctive patterns. The psychic rewards and penalties of the job? We dare not even speculate.

In the machine shop, workers with dental drill-type equipment fashion chains from ivory and jade. One man has been at work for nearly two years on a single exquisite carving. It will sell in the United States for $30,000.

The air outside is bitter cold, and the bicycles are packed in rows, each with its own attached lock. We leave in silence. We cannot imagine a lifetime of such work, but then we have not visited Lordstown, Ohio, or Detroit's River Rouge Plant in our own country.

Our caravan sweeps through crowded streets, horns blaring in staccato. The bicyclists move slowly to one side. It is a miracle that no one gets hit. At Tien-an-mien Square, there is the usual throng of five hundred or so peasants, workers, and soldiers waiting to have their pictures taken against the backdrop of the Forbidden City across the great boulevard. Minutes later, at the Peking Hotel, which is used almost exclusively by foreign delegations, the usual crowd of a hundred or so presses against the iron gates. Just looking.

6

Random Items from the Notebook

"Every bike alike" might be the national slogan. At night, the dim lights of our car pick up the dim shapes of bicycles. One wonders why there are no reflectors for safety; but when I ask, the chairman of a university department of mechanical engineering, fluent in English learned in the schools, is puzzled. He rides his bicycle to work. "There is no danger—we look out for one another."

We are continually reminded that this is the season for Chinese cabbages. We see them not yet harvested, in piles in the field, in convoys of trucks, on carts, pedicabs, bikes, drying on rooftops in the country, hanging from apartment windows, in mountainous piles everywhere. And we see them on our plates—and they are delicious.

The roads everywhere are bordered by trees, spaced like soldiers, eight or ten feet apart. On one stretch of road saplings thirty feet in height are being planted. Leaves are swept up daily, burned or carried off for compost. Two scrawny horses pull a load of straw, the cart completely hidden. The driver runs back, scoops up the instant fresh manure. This, too, is a part of intensive agriculture.

The highways are a painting by Brueghel—rich in color, variety, movement: lorries, carts, olive-green army trucks, three-wheeled

bikes, an occasional motorcycle with a sidecar. No middle line. You move into the far left lane to pass. At the last moment, the oncoming truck moves to the side and we pass with inches to spare. There is no hostility, no exasperation.

Occasionally, one sees a small herd of goats nibbling on nearly nonexistent yellowed grass. Even in the countryside, sweepers collect piles of leaves. Nothing is wasted.

Along country roads: winter wheat in pale green shoots in fields subdivided by irrigation ditches; patches of cotton in small plots; an occasional small orchard; chickens in a frantic rush to the other side of the road; shaggy horses harnessed by long ropes to donkeys. We see one tractor leveling the earth, reclaiming more land to feed more people. The population is still growing.

View from the Peking Hotel: On the third day, the smog lifts and I look upon the graceful shapes of palaces glowing pale yellow in the winter sun. On the fourth day, the wind has swept away the coal smoke. We are ringed by mountains, stark on the horizon.

No beggars, no blind persons, on the streets. No candy wrappers, cans, refuse of any kind. No drunks. The bar in the hotel is empty. Though there is no TV or radio in the hotel room, one hears spirited martial music on the car radio. Even a puritanical society deserves music. Saw a man with a pipe and waved my pipe at him. No response.

Yesterday I saw one lone child, clutching grandfather's hand. Children ordinarily come in columns of twos or threes, trudging on crowded roads in long processions flanked by teachers. Smiles and laughter. Warm padded jackets and bouncing energy. Good health. Someone says that the under-fifteen age group approaches in number the total population of the United States. I believe it. All of them moving en masse and with a purpose.

7

The Great Wall and Ming Tombs

We are dizzied by briefings. It is pure luxury to take off in brilliant sunshine for the hour's drive to the Great Wall. The traffic thins out, and we see countryside at last.

Activity is everywhere: peasants cleaning an irrigation canal, a man with a hoe guiding water into a patch of winter wheat, a herdsman with a small herd of goats by the roadside. In a land of surprises, the biggest surprise of all is that so much reminds me of my home country in New Mexico. In the distance is a crescent of mountains, pink in the sun, that look like the Sandias and the Manzanos above Albuquerque and the Rio Grande. So much, in fact, reminds me of the valley of the Rio Grande in northern New Mexico: the adobe bricks drying in the sun, the adobe and rock houses and walls and courtyards, the chickens and pigs scratching in the earth.

The country breaks as we wind into foothills, the land dry and harsh. Rock everywhere and tiny terraces graced by orchards. One patch of wheat by the roadside is half as large as my living room. The road winds higher. No guard rails. The driver must be a "revisionist" holding the Confucian belief that each of us has his own destiny. Acupuncture won't help now if our car rolls over the side. He is a good driver with complete faith in the horn. We round a curve and there it is: the Great Wall, snaking along a jagged tumble of high mountains.

I am grateful for the stocking cap and the Chinese longjohns. A harsh New Mexico-like wind whips at us. I feel at home—air biting clean, bright sunshine, and the mountains stretching to distant horizons. We are not alone. It is their wall, and the Chinese are climbing it, pausing with us for breath and to take pictures. It is steep. No snow or ice. We are in luck.

Have we come a mile? Hard to tell. Finally we arrive in the last battlement and stare out across the vast landscape, as others have done for two thousand years. This is as far as we can go. Beyond the wall is in bad repair, marred by rock slides. It took two hundred years to build over two thousand miles of high wall. Imagine a wall of stone extending along the crests of the Rocky Mountains from Mexico into Canada, and you have some sense of the scale. It was the ultimate in defense against barbarians from the north. And it didn't succeed. Defense lines never do, for it takes more than walls to make a peace.

The valley of the Ming Tombs is wide and fertile, flanked at intervals by red-roofed pagodas. We turn down a road and come upon animals carved in stone along both sides of the road: a horse staring fixedly at a lion; an elephant facing a camel; and a Chinese unicorn completing the silent panoply.

We have a box lunch along with beer, red wine, and steaming tea, then leave for the Ming Tombs. At the museum, we hear the story of the discovery and the excavations, completed only a few years ago. We go down wide corridors of stone, through marble doors ten feet or so high and a foot wide, and into large rooms containing replicas of the original wooden coffins. One room was empty upon discovery. For whatever the reason, someone failed to achieve immortality.

Other tombs lie still unexplored. It is a very old civilization, and the Chinese have plenty of time to see what richness of discovery sleeps beneath the earth.

8

The May 7 School

We are at the May 7 School for the Peking Eastern District in the countryside near the city. One of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of such schools, it plays a special role in building the New China by raising the "revolutionary consciousness" of its people. Mao was hardly alone in observing that managers often look down on workers, that city folk sometimes look down on country people, and that class differences may hamper the development of strong national loyalties.

The Cultural Revolution of 1966 means many things to many people, but to that group of individuals identified as the *cadres*, it represents a special opportunity to remold themselves. Though the term *cadres* is commonly used, it remains difficult to define. Essentially, it serves to designate those who are not workers, peasants, or soldiers, so it includes school teachers, petty bureaucrats, and the like. Mao's famous instruction was: "Going down to the countryside to do manual labor is a good opportunity for cadres to learn again. With the exception of old, aged, or disabled, all must go. Cadres must go by turn." And they do.

The camp director explains: "Our task is to bring up the cadres with Marxist-Leninist and Mao thought. Cadres can foster the spirit of the struggle only by integrating themselves with

the broad masses of people, so that cadres will be able to go down to people and serve them better." The method is by self-study of the "great books" of Marxism, and by hard physical work with shovel, hoe, and cart.

As the briefing at the school drones on, my eyes wander from the standard pictures of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin to the students at work outside. The words I hear are imports from the Soviet Union, but the entire enterprise I witness seems uniquely Chinese: the sculpted fields, the superintensive application of mass labor to tiny parcels of land, the tidiness of it all. I tune in on the director once more. He is smiling. "When they pick up the hoe, their bureaucratic airs have been knocked out of them. When they first come here, they feel pain in legs and back from hard work. Some are good at theory but can't even balance a hand cart. Soon they develop a good appetite and gain weight.

"This house (pointing around him) was built by the cadres but only when they learned to rely on the peasants." He quotes the students as saying that "the more leisure you have, the lazier you become."

We are ushered into a dormitory, a simple brick structure with three rooms. Each room is roughly 16 by 45 feet. Clean-swept floor; two small stoves (unlit); light bulbs hanging from the ceiling; a barrel for fresh water; a bed consisting of a board, a thin mattress, and two pillows and resting on small sawhorses; and a small bookcase.

The students are mostly in their thirties and forties. The camp accommodates about three hundred persons (roughly half of those in residence during our visit are women) and covers approximately fifty-five acres. All of the vegetables consumed by the students and staff are produced on the premises, but the facility is not yet self-sufficient in the production of meat.

The day's schedule: up at 6:00 A.M., to the fields at 7:30, lunch at 11:30, work in the fields from 1:30 to 5:30, evenings free. Work alternates with study; work a half-day and study a half-day. The course is six months. The students go home for two days every two weeks to be with their families. Their regular salary continues without interruption.

We are told that "of course" men and women are in separate dormitories. Some of our group who come from a society far

less puritanical than the Chinese, are not sure. But this is only one of many questions that continues to nag as we wave goodbye to our hosts—with the usual warm smiles and hand-clapping at our departure.

Hard physical work can be a challenge and a reward. It can be a source of pride to say that one learned to lay bricks, bake bread, and tend pigs. Camp living also has its special satisfactions. In small doses, the barracks can be fun. But do adults really volunteer for the privilege of studying Marx's *The Gotha Program*? It is hard to imagine American adults at camp plowing through the *Federalist Papers* or the collected papers of Lyndon B. Johnson. But this is a people at an entirely different stage of development. McGuffey's readers were the required reading of our immigrant grandparents, and every page exalted American values. A slogan of the May 7 School is "Everything is to be done by our own two hands." And with it the warning: "If a man fails to remold himself, he becomes revisionist."

We ask a man in his early forties if there is anything he doesn't like at the camp. His instant response: "I like everything." It may not be the exaggeration we think it is, but we shall never know. In this strange new society, we see so little and understand so little of what we see.

9

The Shenyang Factory

The Shenyang factory produces transformers for the electric power system and for export. This is heavy industry. The plant employs 5,000 workers and staff—1,200 of whom are women. In 1950, when the plant was established, it was pitifully lacking in equipment and materials; but in 1953, Stalin sent technicians and experts. We are told: "The workers will never forget the support given us under the leadership of Stalin. . . . But in 1953, Khruschev usurped state power and withdrew all help in the hope that economic pressure would make us submit politically. This aroused the workers and reminded us of Mao's teaching that we must keep the initiative and rely on our own efforts."

The plant director has facts and figures at his fingertips. Production is now over twice that of 1965, the year before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and "we are up 9.3 percent for the period January to October, 1974, over the same months in 1973." Compared with the industrial nations, "We have much to do. As Mao says, technical innovation is necessary and we must mechanize and automate to modernize." Mao also said factories must get workers' universities in the plant. Here they have done that. Already they have graduated three classes. The first class studied for two years and eight months. Some graduates went to new jobs in the factory; the majority returned

to the workshop. These university student-workers have made new machine tools.

I am hardly a judge of transformer plants, but the factory is clean, the management seems to know what things are all about, and the work is getting done.

We follow the usual routine: a quick briefing, a tour of the facility (factory, university, commune), and a period reserved for tea and questioning. We attack both eagerly. The plant, we are told, is "run by the Revolutionary Committee"; but we wonder who really makes what decisions. There are no material incentives, no bonuses; but we spot bulletin boards with achievement badges and speculate about the role of "psychic income." We learn that there are only eight wage-payment grades for all of China, but we conjecture whether "promotion" to a higher grade is a kind of incentive.

We read of the "workers committees," set up on the heels of the Cultural Revolution, and are perplexed as we try to see how such worker participation "by the masses" fits into the decision-making process. We are told that the cadres (those in leadership and management roles) account for 170 of the 5,000 workers, and we see cadres working on the assembly line. But how exactly do they fit?

The more specific the question, the better chance for a clear answer. I ask about wage rates. The lowest grade earns 33 yuan a month (the United States equivalent is $17.00, the yuan being worth roughly $.50), the highest is 108 yuan, and the average is 62 yuan. But even the hard fact leads one into a quagmire of next questions. Rents for workers range from one or two yuan a month to a high of four or five. Moreover, almost invariably the wife works. All prices are fixed, many below the cost of production. Later, I price an ordinary teakettle. It is seven yuan. But Chinese cabbage costs only one or two cents. And medical care is largely free. On the other hand, a bicycle, the chief mode of travel, may cost as much as $70.00, or one's wage for two months.

The plant manager seems not to resent the questions. He concedes living standards are not high and that China is a backward country; "but," he says, pausing, "you can have no idea how little we had before Liberation." Later, in other factories, in meetings with provincial leaders and others, we hear the same

story. Production is rising, we are told. "Social capital for development is being skimmed off, so that tomorrow will be better." I see no reason to doubt it.

On Sunday we visit steel works in Anshan. It is Pittsburgh vintage 1930: billowing smokestacks, thick smog obscuring the sun, and an acrid smell in the air. But again, the now familiar reports on increased production.

Simply feeding, clothing, and housing a nation of 800 million people where 80 percent still live in rural villages is a remarkable achievement. However, China does—as they say—"walk on two legs," combining frugality and self-reliance with modern technology to meet its most urgent needs. Housing is such a need, so we ask to see where the workers at the transformer plant live. Where do they bike to after each eight-hour day, six days a week? Miles away is a small city of four-story apartment units.

The word passes quickly as our caravan of gray sedans pulls up before the wind-swept area, barren except for several new saplings. Kids swarm out of nowhere. They stop perhaps twenty yards away, jammed against the invisible barrier dictated by their own code of courtesy, and they clap and clap and smile timidly. We clap too—it is the custom at every ceremony. On the other side of us, again twenty or so yards away, is another crowd jammed together at some perceived proper distance from these strangers from Outer Space. And with justification, for our dress is wholly strange, and most of us are six footers. One is six feet, six inches. Staring, we discover, can be fun.

We climb the steps in a dank, dark stairway and are ushered into a room, perhaps 10 feet by 18 feet. It is *the* room for five persons—husband, wife, mother-in-law, and two charming teenage daughters. It has two wooden beds, two camp stools, a desk, a radio, and a montage of pictures, including a portrait of Chairman Mao. It is the day off for the wife; her husband has a different day off. She struggles nervously to open a fresh pack of cigarettes. We try to put her at ease, but that asks too much. Across the hall is a kitchen, perhaps 7 by 7 feet, with a gas stove, sink, and a crock three feet high jampacked with Chinese cabbages. So this is where all those cabbages that we see go! We apologize for the intrusion and shake hands warmly in leaving. At the door, I use the oldest of ploys and ask the girl attending middle school which

subjects she likes the most. The answer: "But I like all of my courses." All answers are variations on a main theme: "I serve the state."

As our caravan pulls away, the crowd of children breaks up and some run as if to follow us. Today's revolutionary leaders struggle against the crippling traditions of the past. What of these children, the "masters of the factories" in only a few years? What will be their dreams and hopes? Is there somewhere in that crowd a child who listens to the beat of a different drummer?

10

An Interview with Teng Hsiao-p'ing

Teng Hsiao-p'ing, vice-premier of China, now seventy years of age, has been one of the most important figures in China from the mid-1950s to the Cultural Revolution. He was among the early group of Chinese communists trained in France and the Soviet Union, and was a Red Army political officer from the late 1920s through the 40s. In 1956, he became a member of the Politburo Standing Committee and general secretary of the Party Central Committee.

He was a member of the party's elite until the Cultural Revolution, at which time he became a target of the Red Guard, which accused him of collaboration with Lin Shao-ch'i, and caused him to be publicly humiliated and disgraced. A year ago, he was "rehabilitated" and is now seen in photographs with Chairman Mao and foreign visitors. He was prominently featured in stories about the recent Kissinger visit. We are pleased to have an audience with him.

We are ushered into the Great Hall in Peking promptly at 10:00 A.M. and are introduced individually to the vice-premier. Standard protocol takes over. We pose for a group picture with the vice-premier, then move into a large, high-ceilinged room. The color tones are in yellows. Our fourteen-person delegation (twelve university presidents, two resource persons) is seated

in large overstuffed chairs arranged in a horseshoe-shaped half-circle. On a small table next to each of us are the now familiar cigarettes and matches. Tea is poured. The vice-premier puffs on his cigarette, looks at today's delegation, and thinks—what? The interpreter is a relative of a highly placed official and was born in Brooklyn. She is a first-rate interpreter, striving constantly for precision, nuance, flavor. We are given steaming hot towels to refresh ourselves, and the audience begins.

The vice-premier opens the audience with small talk: "How many days have you been traveling?" And he teases us: "You have many doctors in your group." Then adds that he has never had the opportunity for formal education but has been educated in the "university of life." Dr. Roger Heyns, president of the American Council on Education and chairman of our delegation, responds, stressing the importance we attach to the Shanghai Communiqué and our mutual interest in developing friendship between the American and the Chinese peoples. He asks the vice-premier whether he would give us his views on the possibility of an exchange of scholars between the two countries.

The vice-premier says that recently he has heard expressed the opinion that the friendship of the two countries has chilled. "This is not so in my opinion," he states. "Your presence here is testimony to that." Dr. Heyns says that in their respective positions the members of the delegation are in contact with American public opinion, and he assures the vice-premier that renewed friendship with the Chinese people is very popular and has the support of the American people. He adds that this commitment to closer friendship is strong and will persist regardless of changes in top leadership. The vice-premier says that he agrees: "For nearly a quarter of a century, our nations have been isolated from one another, but before that we had a long friendship." The coming of President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger and the subsequent Shanghai Communiqué "conform to the aspirations of our two peoples and make the prospect for future exchanges good," he says. Still, "there are problems—mainly Taiwan—and because of this development, political relationships will have to be limited to a certain degree. But this should not hinder exchanges between our two peoples." The development of scholarly exchanges "conforms with the desires of our two peoples, and

they are increasing—as your appearance here shows." The chairman of our delegation expresses the hope that visits of longer duration, possibly six months to a year, would be possible, since "in our universities we teach about China and need up-to-date, accurate information." "This can be considered," the vice-premier says, adding that in the past many Chinese students went to the United States and pointing to a professor from Peking University who is present in the room.

The vice-premier is jovial, yet reflective. "I have never been in a university but was always convinced that when I was born I entered a university. But mine had no date of graduation. Its name is Society. Only when I meet God will I graduate." Our chairman replies, "But you are a very good student." The vice-premier asks, "How many points?" "At least 99," says Dr. Heyns.

The vice-premier continues: "My real school was the army. I fought and served for twenty years—and never had an insignia. I hear you have a colonel in your group." Silence. I break in to comment that I, too, had served in the army and that my highest earned rank was private first class. There is laughter at this.

A very general question is asked: What do you see as the next steps in the economic and social development of China, and how will this affect higher education? The vice-premier responds at length. " . . . You have been here a week now and will have formed impressions about us. But if you had known the old China—poverty-stricken, its people in semi-starvation—that semi-feudal, colonial Chinese nation was a bullied nation. First was the long rule by the Chinese emperors and later by warlords. That was our legacy. Then Chiang Kai-shek [He says this with vehemence.] bullied and enslaved this country. Now we hear that Chiang is writing some kind of memoirs of secret notes portraying himself as a hero. But we Chinese have a different opinion. In Chinese characters, the symbol for hero is much like angel. The reverse—there is no good translation into English—is a bear. It is a very derogatory term. Chiang did not leave us much.

"Now we can feed and clothe our people. We had only 200 kilograms of grain per person, and now we have 300 kilograms. Then we had almost no steel and now we have a beginning. Even the steel capacity we had was of foreign origin. Aside from a few repair shops, we had almost no manufacturing. We had a little

light industry, largely textiles, and that was a foreign investment. Chairman Mao once described us as a place on the map, both poor and blank. After Liberation, we endured embargoes from other countries. Some from the West said that while we had war ability we had no ability to build up the country. Indeed it was very difficult; we had to find ways to develop ourselves. Mao spoke of self-reliance and thrift and called on us to use our own hands to gradually develop industry and agriculture, relying mainly on the enthusiasm of the people.

"We knew we must first solve the food problem, saving ourselves from natural disasters such as floods. So our first step was to develop agriculture, gradually accumulating capital for the development of industry. The raw material for light industry must come from agriculture—for instance, cotton and hemp. In all this, we followed self-reliance, diligence, and frugality and an order of development. We now have food and clothing and the initial base for both light and heavy industry. We have not relied on foreign loans to develop our agriculture or industry. When Stalin was alive, the Soviets assisted by supplying equipment, but every piece was purchased with hard currency. However, we are still backward in economic development. As for food, it requires strenuous effort to feed ourselves, and we still need a sufficient reserve. We have a relatively small area of arable land, with seven and one-half persons sharing each hectare [2.47 acres]. It is wholly unlike your country. Aside from mechanization and fertilization, we rely on intensive cultivation. We must pour large amounts of manpower on the land and work at water conservation and leveling more land. We believe that if the work is done well, it is possible to double our agricultural production per hectare. For instance, we now use 30 kilograms of chemical fertilizer per hectare—mostly organic fertilizer—and have a very low level of mechanization. The role of mechanization is different here—the key for us is intensive agriculture."

The vice-premier warmed to his lecture: "The food problem, which is worldwide, is mainly caused by population increase. We in China do not believe in no boundaries on population; but no matter what, the population is bound to increase. Our experience is a 60 percent growth in twenty-five years. But food grains went up 140 percent. We can have another increase and still have

enough to eat with a small surplus. So there is still a great potential for agriculture; and if we pay attention to it, there need be no great problem of food.

"But our industry is at a very low level. We produce only twenty million tons of steel. There is a very large gap between us and your achievements. In science and technology, there is a gap of several decades—but there is hope. Our own experience proves that self-reliance and building through diligence and frugality works. That does not exclude the use of good technology and knowledge from foreign nations. Our experience shows that gradual progress is more stable and reliable."

We shift then to another topic—the role of the United States, Russia, and the People's Republic of China in relation to the crucial problems around the world, such as the world food shortage, the oil crisis, and the dangers in the Middle East. We ask the vice-premier how, specifically, the three powers should work to develop their relationships. This prompts an extended comment, along with barely concealed exasperation. "The world is not tranquil. There are many dangers, including the prospect of a new war. The term *superpower* is not our phrase. It is your phrase. The Soviets cannot help being called a superpower. But we are not qualified to be a superpower. In the future, even with more industrialization and an increased production of steel, we still will not be a superpower. We cannot afford to be a superpower because *this would mean opposing the great majority of the peoples and the nations of the world.* We admit, honestly and humbly, that we are members of the third world.

"There is a difference of opinion concerning the shortage of food. In the Korean War, the Indo-China War, in Czechoslovakia, in the Pakistan dismemberment, there was no shortage of food and oil.

"If we study food shortages, we find them related to long years of colonialism and development of unitary economies dependent on a few raw materials. Also there are fundamental problems of social difference. India has better natural conditions. Her per capita available land is not less than China—yet they are among the first in the need for grain. Take the case of Africa. Apart from West Africa and the very dry areas, they have good natural conditions; but they lack even the rudimentary tools of agricul-

ture. We have advised these nations to pay attention to agriculture. We believe they could be self-sufficient in ten years and even have a bit of surplus. To solve the world food shortages, it won't do to rely on the present food-producing nations. Those without food must grow their own grain.

"As for oil," he continues, "frankly, the shortage was forced on the world by the Soviets and the United States. The Arabs face a hostile Israel and must find a way out. They looked and found the weapon of oil." The vice-premier asks rhetorically, "Is world inflation caused only by oil? Take the United States. Your inflation began with the Korean War and the Vietnam War. Even before the oil crisis and the October War, your food and grain prices had increased. Other manufacturing prices had increased before the oil crisis. It is not fair to put the blame for this worldwide crisis only on the rise of oil prices. It is only a factor aggravating an existing situation. Also, since World War II you have seen many economic recessions. Your previous recessions were not blamed on oil." He laughs. "And now oil prices are going down relatively because other prices are rising higher. No, the danger and the 'intranquility' come from the two superpowers.

"An American friend recently complained to me that 'you always stress the U.S. in your analyses'; but if one looks at the record, one understands why we cannot avoid mentioning you. However, the main danger comes from the Soviets. Your United States is a 'fat man,' with lots of fat on your back. To use an exaggeration, the fat may be a meter thick and this makes you less nimble. [Teng laughs at this.] So in so far as strategy goes, you will be on the defensive. The Soviets also have fat on their back, but it is less than yours, and they are more nimble and ambitious and aggressive. So I say to you to beware—the polar bear is after you. The main danger of war comes from the Soviet Union. It is no longer a socialist state but Soviet Imperialism. And that is a most fundamental opinion.

"As for ourselves, in the international arena we are only a small country. In terms of population and area, we look big, but in economic development we are a backward country—you are seeing that for yourselves. We have a few atomic bombs, but what role can they play? If we compete with the Soviets in atomic bombs, we all go to meet God. If we invest in atomic bombs, we

have nothing left over for development. So we protect ourselves with rifles and underground tunnels."

Another question is asked: What should be the U.S. policy toward the Soviets? The vice-premier says that he is not qualified to say, but would remark that the Soviet Union "bullies the weak and fears the strong" and that "when the Soviets see a crack, they will try to get into it, whether it is the Middle East, Cyprus, or Europe."

One of our delegation notes: "But this promises an interminable armaments race." The vice-premier responds sarcastically: "Do you believe that your détente will be successful? There is talk of balanced reduction. What is balance? The U.S. has one conception, the Soviets another. Read the American press and see discussions about whether balance is upward or downward. What is balance downward? The agreement to abolish present armaments? If neither side will abolish present armaments, then the only possibility is balance upward. Today the U.S. is saying that the number of nuclear warheads of the Soviets is ahead, so the U.S. must balance upward. Tomorrow the Soviets will say, 'But you have too good quality and so we must have more quality.' There is a Chinese expression, 'As the water rises, so does the boat.' "

Amid pleasantries and handshakes, we leave.

11

Shanghai and a Commune

Not even China prepares one for Shanghai, which the United Nations lists as the world's largest city. We come in from Suchow on a night train and are met by the familiar fleet of gray sedans.

As we go off through crowded streets, the lights of the car catch the traceries of mottled yellow on the plane trees. The leaves are still green, in part because of the heat of this great heaving, sprawling, industrial city. We are grateful to be free of the deepfreeze chill and thick smog of Anshan in the industrial north. There is a sameness to the traffic: lorries and buses, pedicabs and bikes, in a macabre dance in the crowded street. And yet it is not quite the same. No one is actually hostile as our caravan pushes bicyclists and pedestrians aside, but the people do not move out of the way quite so quickly. There is the feel of a great city—the stretch of wide boulevards, tall buildings poking the skyline, the blast of foghorns from the ships in the harbor.

We turn through the hotel gate, pile out of our cars, and are quickly ushered to our rooms. It is the Ching Chiang Hotel, where President Nixon and the Chinese leadership signed the Shanghai Communiqué. It is no small thing to reverse a quarter-century dedicated to denying that Red China existed or that it mattered. Our delegation is in on the edge of the beginning of a new era in U.S.-China relations. At each place we visit,

we toast the mutual friendship of our two peoples, as if by mere repetition we could make it so, could remove the double barrier of a strange culture and an unfamiliar language, and could begin, by smiles, to understand one another.

It is a modern hotel; the rooms are spacious and (at last) the water is hot. Our hosts are solicitous; the banquet in our honor will be tomorrow night. At 8:00 A.M. on Saturday, we are off to the waterfront, and a briefing on Shanghai. From a rooftop, we gaze over the great river and the factories. The city sprawls seemingly limitless in all directions. Far below are ships at anchor, the Red Star flags presiding over this, the nation's largest port city. Half of the shipping moves through this port. It is about the only fact I recall, for it is hard to listen carefully, time after time, to the ritual rhetoric of the Revolution when it is someone else's revolution.

Our hosts have relented. Our request has been granted. We may walk the famed Nanking Road; windowshop; soak in sights, smells, impressions; and visit a department store. The crowds spill over sidewalks and into the streets. For miles we move slowly with the crowd. It is High Street in Columbus after Saturday football—except that it is people and not cars that make the congestion. It is a street of small shops. The windows are bright with clocks, radios, and dishes, and dull with assortments of blue, green, and gray jackets, trousers, and shoes. Good, sturdy men's shoes sell for 14 to 18 yuan ($7.00 to $9.00 in our money); Western-style dress shirts are in the same price range. It doesn't do to stop because the crowd congeals around one—and people simply stare. Do they expect pointed ears?

We enter a large, four-story department store and scatter after agreeing to meet at Entrance 4 (the only words in English anywhere) in forty-five minutes. I stop at the button counter to buy an assortment of buttons for our daughter who sews. Again the curious crowd around. I smile at the children, and it helps to break the ice. The store is crowded; some people are buying but many, I suspect, are simply enjoying the sights. It is not exactly the Lazarus stores in Columbus, but there is an impressive variety of consumer goods of all types.

The merchandise looks good. The clerks are unfailingly helpful as I struggle with unfamiliar money. I buy the colorful thermos bottle we see everywhere. It costs U.S. $3.50—and will probably break in the packing. A typical tourist, I also buy a silk screen with quotations from Mao. With commendable restraint, however, I turn away from an alarm clock with two pandas gracing its bright blue face. The pandas move with each tick of the clock, but I do not need a clock, and I can manage without pandas in perpetual motion. (In a zoo—which city was it?—I saw two pandas. Strange critters. I am told they do not fit any standard classification, and I believe it.) Most of us buy the Chinese teacups of the type we see constantly. They have a lid. Will the colors glow as brightly in Columbus—when I have coffee?

We visit a local university in the afternoon, meet with the Revolutionary Committee of the city promptly at 7:00 P.M. for an official welcome and more briefing, and enjoy the banquet. Fortunately, we seem to have escaped the delicacy that I most detest—the slick, slimy, sea slugs.

At Sunday breakfast the next morning, the president of the University of Michigan and I josh about the Michigan-OSU game, which is now history. Kissinger is due in Peking tomorrow. Shall we call him for the final score?

At 8:00 A.M. sharp, we are off on the adventure I have most coveted—a visit to a commune. It is thirty or so miles outside the city. The land is flat, the soil rich. There are no large fields ever. The planting is in small patches: cotton, the light green of new winter wheat, cane along the ditches. No patch of earth is without activity—a peasant sowing seed by hand from a wicker basket; a water buffalo lumbering along as if in slow motion, the dark wet earth yielding to the wooden plow; a platoon of peasants hoeing after the tractor has deep-plowed the earth; a woman with a basket pouring water from a ditch on new sets of green vegetables. And always the cabbage in monotonous formation.

The commune is unlike anything I have ever known, experienced, or thought about. We park in a pleasant courtyard, are greeted as usual by a smiling, clapping delegation pantalooned in blues and grays, and move to a briefing room.

Before us is a model, 6 feet by 10 feet and complete with tiny lights, which shows fields, factories, housing, and pumping stations. Around the room are bottles containing various products —rice, wheat, medicinal herbs—along with miniatures of various industrial products. Shades of the Ohio State Fair! It is show-and-tell time and the commune director is good at it.

The commune tractors 95 percent of its land and produces cotton, wheat, rapeseed, melons, and fruit. It also raises pigs, chickens, ducks, and cows. Thirty-six thousand, three hundred forty-seven persons (in 8,234 households) serve in 20 production brigades made up of 197 production teams. The commune farms 2,992 hectares, an area of 52 square kilometers. This is truly intensive agriculture. The land yields three crops a year—one of wheat, two of rice. For the past decade, each year has been a bumper crop. One hectare of cotton has produced 892 kilograms, which is triple the production before the Cultural Revolution.

I become impatient to walk the land. Winter wheat grows under the shadow of the cotton. A green vegetable which looks like chard is identified as a medicinal herb (good for intestinal disorders). The irrigation channels have been dug with awesome precision. In the plots being prepared for planting, at intervals of ten feet or so, a narrow ditch four inches wide and a foot or so deep has been fashioned. It was done with meticulous care with a very special hoe.

The hoe was made by the commune, as are bricks, furniture, machine tools, and cement boats. The boats have a capacity of twenty tons and are useful in carrying products of the commune to nearby Shanghai. We visit the factories. It is Sunday but everyone is at work. There is one day a week off work, at the convenience of the commune. And we visit the peasants in their homes.

Imagine a three-story apartment building with wooden floors and cement walls. Two rooms are occupied by a man, his wife, and their fourteen-year-old daughter. On the wall are Revolutionary posters and mosaic of family pictures. The bed is shiny new; it was made in the commune. Ten of us crowd into the apartment.

We learn that the husband works in one of the factories and earns 65 yuan a month. The wife works in the fields and earns what she

expects will be 40 yuan a month. The work-points determining her wage are calculated at the end of the year. We learn later in the "Shall We Now Discuss?" session that the work-points (earnings) include evaluation of "attitude," "physical competence," and "technical skill." The family prepares its own meals in its own quarters; bathing facilities are down the hall. A lovely modern clock on the dresser strikes 11:00 A.M. We move on.

In one of the apartments, we press hard: What controls the size of the family? We are told that this is a "personal decision," that "education" is the key to family planning, that families want two children (or three at the most), that abortion is rare, and that pills and mechanical contraceptives are used.

The next stop is the commune hospital. We peer into empty rooms—the X-ray room, delivery room, operating room, pharmacy, etc. The hospital has thirty-three beds, and is not full. I ask about farm and factory accidents and am told firmly that these are "very rare."

Not far from the hospital is the local store—cookies, tea, etc.; and beyond is the local barber shop.

It is a lovely day—bright skies and close to 70 degrees. We walk along the irrigation canals, and observe how the commune has been able to make sixty additional hectares productive by putting main canals underground in pipes two feet in diameter. Irrigation has been largely electrified.

There are 150 cows in the dairy barns—a crossbreed of Holstein and Chinese cattle. The manager is a veterinarian. The cows produce 15 kilograms of milk per day. Records are kept on each cow. The calf crop is 110 per year. Artificial insemination is used.

The cows are put in a small exercise yard four hours a day. Fifty workers are assigned to the milking. At last there is something I understand: mechanization is quite unnecessary when a society has an abundance of labor.

The commune director assaults us with facts and figures. Ducks, chickens, milk, rice—all production is up substantially since Liberation in 1949. It is only as we go over our notes that we see that the current annual increase is hardly overwhelming.

The commune's factories are fascinating. The workshops make simple furniture—beds, benches, wicker baskets. Boats of cement

are under construction; they will carry grain and vegetables by canal to Shanghai. A machine shop is turning out transformers. By now I feel as if I have seen half the transformer factories in China, and my attention wanders.

Outside the building is a plot no larger than one's living room. A woman worker is pouring water from a long dipper. Each plant is given tender loving care. Some of the plots grow traditional Chinese herbs. There are 2,000 such herbs used in medical care. Perhaps one is the bittersweet stuff I am taking (with some skepticism) for a bad cold.

It is pleasant to walk the good earth, listen to the chickens, muse on the idyllic life of the commune member. The living compounds of the commune provide the sense of neighborhood that we once had in rural America but without the isolation that went with the family farm.

Health care is available immediately and conveniently. Most of the foodstuffs are grown here, including mushrooms (in huge racks in a high loft cement building). Best of all, there is the visible interdependence of life. The hoe is made in the machine shop; the bed is made in the carpentry shop. The connective tie between work and consumer product is plain to see. Soil, family, society—it is all comprehensible. It is the medieval idea re-created: education and work as a unified whole.

But is it really idyllic for the man or woman with a hoe? Hardly. It pays one to have grown up on a farm and to have soldiered in the infantry. A labor detail is a labor detail, any way you look at it; and I cannot believe there is joy in lining up across a field and following the tractor to break up the clods—not when the soil is too wet to work. It looks suspiciously like Keeping the Troops Busy. By now I have heard every Revolutionary slogan on the glory of work, serving the state, and building socialism. But a hoe is a hoe is a hoe, and a muddy field is not for hoeing.

The tractor invites the heretical thought: why not put more tractors, more harrows in the fields? I find it hard to believe that no one ever will stumble on the dangerous dream—that machines can further ease our labors.

But all this is idle speculation. Right now, rapid mechanization would be a disaster. Where would the labor force go—to the crowded streets of Shanghai? No, the commune is a brilliant

social invention. It creates a community, enforces self-reliance, glorifies a necessary decentralization, keeps the peasants down on the farm—and gives the regime a unit that is manageable in both a political and an economic sense.

As we drive off, I see a woman tending a plot next to an apartment building. We learned about those private plots, each person is entitled to one about the size of your bedroom. It is good to know that individual initiative lives, if only in the tiny crevices of the planned society.

12

Shanghai (Continued): A School, a Home, a Workshop, and Neighborhood Organization

We park between the school compound and a row of look-alike three-story apartments glowing pale yellow in the warm morning sun. Giant Chrysanthemums make circles of rich colors next to the playground. This morning we are to see a lower school, visit several homes, tour a neighborhood factory workshop, and learn from the Revolutionary Committee how the neighborhood street committee—as the basic unit of organization—operates in the cities of China.

Entering the school, we are engulfed by children. But in China there is always a kind of order beneath seeming chaos. An utterly captivating seven-year-old girl—with flashing brown eyes, dimples, bouncing energy—grabs my hand. Each of our delegation is now in tow, safe in the hands of children eager to show us the nursery, the kindergarten, the exercise routine, and the performances planned especially for us. It is hard to take notes while my eager guides urge me on to the next room. The toddlers are encased in individual small wicker boxes—the Chinese playpen. The next oldest group (three- and four-year-olds) are in columns of three, stamping vigorously in unison as the teacher keeps time. One child is distracted by our camera-clicking delegation and stares in fascination. He is promptly turned back into position. Stomp and stomp, arms waving vigorously. Exercise time.

Virtually all able-bodied Chinese women work. It would be unthinkable to stay home simply to take care of a growing child. The children are brought to the nursery at 7:00 A.M. and are picked up at 5:00 P.M. by the parent after return from factory or office. We learn that persons from all walks of life live in the housing complex, but in a developing society this means largely factory workers. Few persons work in the professions or the service industries; the priority must go to the production of physical goods.

We also learn that the 350 nursery children get milk once a day, that their health is monitored carefully, that a doctor is available. All this and Mao too for only 2 yuan a month ($1.00)! After lunch, the children take a nap. "No, of course, they all go to sleep almost immediately." Sleeping, eating—yes, even going to the potty—are "by the numbers." An American professor traveling with us translates the Chinese characters in the posters on the walls of factory, commune, office, and school. Here the poster reads, "Strengthen our discipline and make progress each day and our Revolution will succeed." I note that Chinese children dance, play, act, and sing with vigor and no trace of self-consciousness. Is this too part of the Revolution?

The nursery rhyme theme is "Our motherland is good." Chairman Mao smiles from the ever present picture poster. I ask myself if this is standard for all of China—and fear that I know the answer. Later on, the children will be taught about the other great heroes of their socialist faith: Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. It is enough now to imprint each brain with the image of Mao as beneficent Father.

"We love labor" says the poster. I am witness to the programming of mass man. The little children are only four and five years old, yet already they are apprenticed in the routines of work. They put together two small metal pieces to make a snapper. Yes, Mao is serious about combining theory with practice. Good work habits start very early. Ben Franklin would have understood. I doubt he would have approved.

We are seated on children's chairs to watch a performance by the fifth graders. Ten children labor solemnly over a kind of violin; I am told this instrument goes far back in history. The villain has jackboots and a great black mustache tickling his

dimples. He is the cruel landlord. The girls are the poor peasants, finally liberated by the People's Liberation Army. It is not exactly a difficult plot to follow—even for university presidents. Later, in ballet and movies we are to see much the same simple themes presented to adult audiences. The program concludes with the song we hear everywhere, "The Shining Red Star." It is a song that somehow captures the hope, vigor, and faith of the Chinese, and I never tire of it. The little children reach for our hands as we leave, and clutch and won't let go.

Our delegation breaks into two groups to visit several homes in the apartment complex. We climb dingy stairs, past bicycles on the landing, and enter a home. It is more spacious than workers' apartments we visited in Anshan in the industrial north. A retired worker and his wife, a daughter and a son-in-law (both teach in the middle schools), and a three-year-old occupy two rooms, perhaps five or six hundred square feet in all. I like the man instantly for his gentility, intelligence, and thoughtful replies to our rapid-fire questions. He was apprenticed at age thirteen in a flour mill, and worked as a repairman until retirement at age sixty. He never learned to read and write, but "since Liberation, as a result of Chairman Mao's teaching, I have learned to read." As he answers questions, I glance around the room: two beds, a big clock on the single dresser, family snapshots on the wall, and a Revolutionary picture poster. In retirement, he earns 70 percent of his monthly wage; his wife worked fewer years and gets 60 percent of her monthly wage at the factory. This adds up to 99 yuan (roughly $50.00). The in-laws earn 60 yuan a month each for a total family income of 219 yuan. "It isn't much," says our host, "but you must understand that we have all that we need and that we have heat and light and a warm house. Before the Revolution, we lived in a shack with a tin roof." Family expenditures: 5.40 yuan for rent, 1.50 yuan for electricity, 2.00 yuan for water (charged on a per person basis), 3.00 yuan for gas. Prices are fixed by the state, and have been stable for some time. I wonder what consumer goods they most want, but do not ask. The invasion of privacy goes too far.

But he is eager to talk: "I rise at 5:00 A.M., go to the park and do exercises for an hour, shop at the market for fresh produce, coach the older children on the playground, and return after my

daughter and son-in-law have left for work. My wife and I have breakfast and then a nap and share household work. I go to group study three times a week and play chess and talk with my best friend. We read the news and are eager to learn from Chairman Mao's instructions. We must serve the people, so our thinking should not retire." I make a mental note of this: "Our thinking should not retire"—a lovely expression.

"On Sunday, I get out of the house early (he smiles) and go fishing in the river. In the afternoon, we visit relatives in the western suburbs or shop. Time passes rapidly; I feel happy. I never dreamed of all this (pointing to the clock and to a light bulb hanging from the ceiling). Before Liberation, we slept on the floor and always worried about the price of rice. We spend 60 to 70 yuan a month on food. . . .

"Chairman Mao has said," he continues, "that we must take off the cap of illiteracy." Next year the granddaughter will go to kindergarten to (again the familiar catechism) "develop morally, intellectually, and physically."

The neighborhood workshop is one of a dozen or so small workshops employing women from the neighborhood. The workshops are organized by the street committee. Only the aged and the infirm are excused from work in these shops which are set up for "housewives" with meager job skills. The shop we visit is assembling children's toy trains, largely for the export market. I count nearly one hundred women (and one man—a retardate) in the assembly, testing, and packing rooms. The toy set sells for 9 yuan. The wage rate is 30 yuan a month—not much for eight hours of work each day, six days a week, year in and year out.

The briefing in the Cultural Center is conducted by the vice-chairman of the Revolutionary Committee. Her gray Mao jacket hides (one speculates) a trim figure. But nothing obscures her sudden radiance of smile. As the vice-chairman serving this "neighborhood" of 70,000 persons (16,000 households), she is political officer, chief social worker, and chief administrator for the area. We are surprised to learn that twelve of the eighteen persons on the Revolutionary Committee are women, for we have learned that women are rarely included in equal numbers on policy councils in the universities, factories, and communes. She oversees six departments: for political work, organization and

administration, education and culture, logistics and general affairs, management of collective enterprises (such as the workshop we saw), and property management and maintenance.

The anatomy of governance is never quite clear to me. I take solace in the fact that university governance in the United States is also virtually beyond comprehension, even to those of us who inhabit the House of Intellect. We do learn that there are twelve street committees under the Central Committee and that these committees touch the lives of every household in many ways.

The Neighborhood Revolutionary Committee is the basic unit of political organization. It runs local factories, schools, and workshops, and works, all the while, to transform the society into full socialism. The street committees organize study groups, do general cleanup work, and take care of children before and after school in the absence of their working parents. We asked what was meant by "showing concern for the life of the masses" and were told that it means washing clothes for the ill, carrying food to the disabled, getting a doctor to come for a house visit. The leaders of the street committee are elected by the inhabitants "after group discussion." They settle neighborhood disputes, do marriage counseling, and look after the old, the infirm, and the lonely. Divorce is rare. If there are disputes, both sides are urged to first engage in self-criticism, and, this failing, to move to group criticism sessions. One of my colleagues says, "That explains the low divorce rate. About the third time you are instructed to engage in self-criticism, you decide it's much better to call the whole thing quits."

Clearly the street committee is a powerful vehicle for exerting peer-group pressure, and it is through this agency that the emphasis on family planning has immediate impact. The birth rate in the neighborhood we visit is 5.4 per thousand, slightly below the 6.0 per thousand in Shanghai as a whole. Few abortions, very few.

I hear the words "People's Bank" and ask whether the state encourages saving and what the interest rate is. There is a splutter of animated conversation before the answer is translated into English—a sure sign that a sensitive issue has been touched upon. With some exasperation, the vice-chairman explains that in a socialist society the goal is not to accumulate money, and

that the rate is so low as to be inconsequential. People save to help the state, not to make money. Fine, but I press the question and learn that the rate is 2.7 percent. In an economy with stable prices, that is not bad. Indeed, it is a higher rate of real return than I now earn on our family savings. I doubt that savings are inconsequential in the Chinese economy or to the Chinese family.

As the basic unit for political indoctrination, production, and provision of social services to city dwellers, the neighborhood street committee performs much the same function as does the commune or collective in rural areas. Both are brilliant social inventions. They weld ideology to social control, deliver a full range of human services to every person, and encourage individual participation in local affairs as well as pride in community. The ideological "correct line" (we hear the phrase constantly) is highly centralized. But the management of daily affairs is highly decentralized. That's shrewd statecraft.

In the afternoon we visit a Children's Palace, one of ten in Shanghai. It has playgrounds, puppet shows (with smirking landlords), an outdoor basketball court, and training rooms for ballet, acting, handicrafts, and music. The Palace jumps with excitement—like a crowded YMCA. Machines offer a test of one's grip; squeeze hard and the lights of the People's Dynamos light up the board. It seems a good place to dedicate a Frisbee to the Palace inventory, and I do so.

Is anyone in China ever alone in home or forest or on a mountaintop? As we drive back through jammed streets, I have a vision of pure horror: Is this a society where, from birth to death, one is never alone?

13

Post-China Reflections: December 10

Back at my desk at OSU, I struggle with illegible notes scribbled in notebooks, on envelopes, and even on a paper sack where I had written my favorite quotation from Mao, "Women hold up half the Heavens," and a question that went unanswered, "How is mental illness treated?" In twenty-one days of intensive learning during mornings, afternoons, and evenings, we discovered that each question prompts a dozen more. Plainly we are only at the beginning in our understanding of this very old culture, this very new multi-layered revolution. The social, political, ideological terrain could not be more unfamiliar to Americans if John Glenn had discovered the People's Republic of China on the moon.

Some of our pre-trip impressions gained from reports of other visitors survive. The streets are indeed clean, thanks to the women street cleaners with the brooms. Table tennis is the national addiction, though basketball and soccer are growing in popularity. Ideology is all-controlling in schools, factories, communes, concerts, ballets, movies. The land is tilled with fanatical devotion to each tiny parcel. Peasants carry baskets of earth to build a new terrace. The terraces creep upward on the highest mountains, creating improbable enclaves of new land for orchards or for winter wheat. More rice and more cabbages for more mouths.

For the most part, the Chinese people fit our stereotype—calm, industrious, painstakingly conscientious, and persistent in the face

of all obstacles. I learn that they are talented in precision work—whether needlepoint, acrobatics, or the ideological nit-picking which seems to be the special affliction of Marxists.

The Grand Canal is where it is supposed to be, and is as wondrous today as it was for Marco Polo nearly seven hundred years ago.

The fields are mosaics of color, laced with irrigation canals sprawling in complex patterns on the brown-yellow earth. And everywhere in the fields is socialist egalitarianism—the women and the men with hoes and shovels and buckets of water. Men on bicycles do the impossible, carrying logs, or wobbling loads of cabbages, or a wife clutching a baby—only bright eyes and a nose showing over the heavy bundling.

It is true: the women still have a monopoly on the world's most distasteful chore—carrying "night soil" to the waiting fields.

Amidst notes on steel production, hourly wage scales, and other data solemnly presented and solemnly recorded, I discover the following: . . . In all China I counted only ten dogs and two cats. . . . The horses are sorry-looking critters. . . . Saw one dwarf and one blind man on crutches. . . . Saw expensive short-wave radios in some homes and all hotels. . . . Spotted TV towers in major cities and learned that government-operated television is broadcast in black and white for only a few hours a day, and to only a very few thousand who own sets. . . . There are always lines in front of the movie theaters waiting to see the dozen or so films being shown, all of them with overpoweringly patriotic themes. . . . The bikes have locks, contrary to what others have reported about a society where theft is supposedly unknown. . . . Our official gray sedans push everything aside—tractors, lorries, trucks, pedicabs, carts, and the people with loads on their backs.

It is my fifth day back in Columbus, but I am still a prisoner of jet lag. How does Kissinger do it? The ritual rhetoric still rings in my ears at three or four in the morning. "We must follow the correct line in all things; we are criticizing the theories of Confucius and Lin Piao; we must serve the masses; self-reliance and keep the initiative in our own hands."

The faiths of the Revolution sound outrageously simplistic to my Western ear. But how much arises from the clumsiness of the translation? I bridle at "serve the masses," yet Abraham Lincoln's

"of the people, by the people, and for the people" never ceases to touch me.

Everywhere we hear the slogan: "We must walk on two legs." It means simply that the Chinese traditional must be creatively combined with the Western modern—in agriculture, science, medicine. In Shanghai, we witness "walking on two legs"—anesthesia acupuncture is used for major surgery along with post-operative, Western, pain-killing drugs. My letter from Shanghai is lost in the mails, but the memory is indelibly inscribed in my brain.

Brain! Yes, we witnessed brain surgery, something I have managed to avoid seeing in OSU's College of Medicine. First we look in on a young woman awaiting an operation for a tumor in her throat. Her hand twitches slightly in response to three needles in her arm. In twenty minutes she will experience, but not feel, the knife. Next is a stomach operation. My face mask seems hotly oppressive as I look down on an exposed cancerous stomach. The attending doctor lifts the organ for all of us to see. Cameras click. The doctor motions us to circle the bed. I step gingerly over ribbons of tubing—oxygen, I trust. The patient—fully conscious—smiles at me. I smile back.

Now a welcome interlude of tea and conversation. The doctor is matter of fact: "Not until Mao instructed us did we try traditional acupuncture (known in rural China for two thousand years) in major operations. At first, we used as many as thirty or so needles in our experimentation, but now we understand exactly where the needle goes. . . . No, we do not understand the scientific basis for acupuncture; we only know that it works. Stomach operations are less successful, because the stomach muscles are not fully relaxed." We learn that anesthesia acupuncture may or may not be used in major surgery. We are told that "it depends on the patient." But, regrettably, I never learn the factors that determine its use—except that, contrary to Western myth, it is not a matter of relying on blind peasant faith or hypnotic states.

We adjust face masks and go to witness brain surgery. Fortunately, I arrive late. A rectangle of skull and scalp about three inches long is already lifted back. I look upon the most enthralling mystery of the universe—the living human brain. The surgeons move with quick precision to remove the tumor. The patient is

fully conscious, apparently feels no pain. A nurse talks to him; the reassurance must be mutual. In this operation, there is only one ever so tiny needle penetrating the flesh over the cheekbone. It may be the slight ooze of blood, or the click of cameras; but in any event, my breathing is shallow, and I refuse the ultimate obscenity of circling the patient's bed and smiling fatuously at the poor fellow. It is time to leave.

Medical teams from all over the world have visited China, and the American medical profession will no doubt eventually absorb the "new reality" into our own treatment system. But the real "spectacular" in Chinese medicine is neither anesthesia acupuncture nor the rediscovery of two thousand or so native herbs, but rather the "barefoot doctors" who bring basic medical care to rural China. Here is truly an extraordinary achievement—one we are challenged to emulate.

I conclude this report at midnight in Columbus, Ohio. Within a radius of a mile from our home, there may be more individual houses than in all of Shanghai, more cars than exist to serve all of official China, more television sets than in all of Peking.

It is noon in China. In Tien-an-mien Square in Peking, the soldiers in bulky, below-the-knees coats wait patiently to have their pictures taken to send home to the village. In a May 7 school somewhere in China, a city-bred bureaucrat slops the pigs and wonders how to survive an afternoon of Marxist book-learning. In the industrial north, bicyclists wearing face masks edge slowly through slush and snow en route to the steel mill to do their part in laying an industrial base for the new China. In Shenyang, a bright-eyed eight-year-old readies herself today for six hours of ballet—this to serve the state. All over China, Mao in portrait smiles down on the commune, the factory, the school, and the university. A great nation is at work, building a new society, a new man, a new woman.

I take my red-jacketed treasure to the record player and fight back wholly inexplicable tears as I listen to my favorite song "Spring Comes Early to the Commune." It is a song as bright, as vital, as brimming with hope as are the children of the People's Republic of China. It is they I shall remember when all else is faded. For me, the Great Adventure is ended. For the children of China, the adventure of the Revolution has just begun. Where it will take them, and us, surely lies beyond imagining.

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